

K
The poore man payes for all.

417
This is but a dreame which here shall insue:
But the Author wishes his words were not true.

To the tune of *In slumbring sleepe I lay.*



220.



As I lay musing all alone,
Upon my resting bed,
Full many a cogitation
Did come into my head:
And looking from my slape, I
My dreame to mind did call,
We thought I saw before mine eyes,
How poore men payes for all.

I many objects did behold,
In this my frightfull dreame,
A part of them I will unfold:
And though my present Theame
Is but a fancy you may say,
Yet many things doe fall
Too true alas: for at this day
The poore man payes for all.

We thought I saw (which canst' d my ears)
What I wish were a fable,
That poore men will enforced are
To pay more then they are able:
We thought I heard them weeping say,
Their substance was but small,
For rich men will beare all the sway,
And poore men pay for all.

We thought I saw how wealthy men
Did grind the poore mens faces,
And greedily did prey on them,
Not pittying their cases:

They make them toyle and labour say
For wages too too small:
The rich men in the Tavernes roye:
But poore men pay for all.

We thought I saw an Officer old,
Walke in his for-swe' d goine,
Whose wealth and eminence controll
The most men in the Towne:
His wealth he by extortion got,
And rose by others fall,
He had what his hands earned net,
But poore men pay for all.

We thought I saw a Courtier proud
Goe swaggering along,
That unto any scarce allow'd
The office of his tongue:
We thought, wert not for bulbery,
His Peacocks plumes would fall,
He ruffles out in bzuery,
But poore men pay for all.

We thought I met (soe discontent)
Some poore man on the way,
I asked one whither he went
So fast and could not say:
Anoth he, I must goe take my Leave,
Or else another shall:
My Lordships riches doe increas,
But poore men pay for all.

456. 20. 25.

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In this my frightfull dreame,
A part of them I will unfold:
And though my present Theame
Is but a fancy you may say,
Yet many things doe fall
Too true alas: for at this day
The poore man payes for all.

We thought I saw (which caus'd my care)
What I wish were a fable,
That poore men still enforced are
To pay more then they are able:
We thought I heard them weeping say,
Their substance was but small,
For rich men will beare all the sway,
And poore men pay for all.

We thought I saw how wealthy men
Did grind the poore mens faces,
And greedily did prey on them,
Not pittying their cases:

They make them toyle and labour saye
For wages too too small:
The rich men in the Tavernes roye:
But poore men pay for all.

We thought I saw an Officer old,
Walke in his for-swe'd goinge,
Whose wealth and eminence controll
The most men in the towne:
His wealth he by extortion got,
And rose by others fall,
He had what his hands earned net,
But poore men pay for all.

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That unto any scarce allow'd
The office of his tongue:
We thought, wert not for bulbery,
His peacockes plumes would fall,
He ruffles out in bzuery,
But poore men pay for all.

We thought I met (soe discontent)
Some poore man on the way,
I asked one whither he went
So fast and could not say:
Anoth he, I must goe take my Leave,
Or else another shall:
My Lords riches doe increas,
But poore men pay for all.



Me thought I saw most stately wines,
goe totting on the way,
That live delightfull idle lives,
and go in garments gay,
That with the moon their shapes doe change
or else ther' chide and bawle,
Thus women goe like monsters strange,
and poore men pay for all,

He thought I was i th' Countrey,
where poore men take great paines,
And labour hard continually,
onely for rich mens gaires,
Like th' Israelites in Egypt,
the poore are kept in thrall:
The task-masters are playing kept,
but poore men pay for all.

He thought I saw poore Tradesmen
i th' City and also where,
Whom rich men keepe as beads-men,
in bondage care and feare:
That I haue them worke for what they list,
thus weakest goe to the wall,
The rich men eate and drinke the best,
but poore men pay for all.

He thought I saw two Lawyers base
one to another say,
We haue had in hand this poore mans Case,
a twelue month and a day.
And yet woe not contented be
to let the matter fall,
Heare thou with me, & heare with ths,
while poore men pay for all.

He thought I saw a red-nose Daff,
as fat as he could wallow,
Whose carke he, if it should be roast,
would drop tenen stone of tallow,
He growes rich out of measure,
with filling measure small,
He lues in mirth and pleasure,
but poore men pay for all.

And so likewise the Betoer front,
the Chandler and the Baker,
The Dault-man also without doubt,
and the Tobacco-taker,
Though they be proud and stately growne,
and beare themselves so tall,
Yet to the world it is well knowne,
that poore men pay for all.

Even as the mighty fishes still,
doe feed upon the lesse;
So rich men, might they haue their will,
would on the poore men cease;
It is a proverbe old and true,
that weakest goe to the wall,
Rich men can drinke till th' sky looke blue,
but poore men pay for all.

But now, as I before did say,
this is but a Dreame indeed,
Though all dreames prove not true, some
hap right as I doe reade.
And if that any come to passe,
I doubt this my Dreame shall:
For still tis found to true a case,
that poore men pay for all.